OCT 12 1916

AMERICAN RED CROSS MAGAZINE

Vol. XI October, 1916 No. 10

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OUR laboratories made an exhaustive study of all the mineral oils obtainable and found the heavy and highly viscous Californian oil of the naphthene series of hydrocarbons not only to surpass in essential respects the other American oils, but also to be superior to the best Russian oils. We therefore fixed upon this heavy Californian oil as the best, and now supply it alone under the name

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MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

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THE NEW ENLIGHTENMENT

ELECTRICITY comes to free the modern woman from the burdens of housekeeping.

It came into the home first as a source of light, setting a new standard of illumination.

But electricity is destined to fill a still larger sphere of domestic usefulness; it now does the hardest tasks in the household. It reduces the necessary hours of labor and lightens the nature of the work itself, adding hours to the leisure, recreation, and broader interests that claim the modern woman's attention.

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There is now available for you a complete line of electrical devices bearing the well-known name

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Every utensil bearing this marking is of highest quality. Write for our literature and the name of our nearest agent in your locality. Ask for booklet, "*The Electrical Way*," No. 67-RC.

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If your home is not wired for electricity, get an estimate from your contractor. If there is no electric company supplying current in your locality, you can have all these electrical conveniences at small cost through one of our home electric-lighting equipments. Ask us about it.

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VOLUME ELEVEN NUMBER TEN

The American Red Cross Magazine

EDITED BY AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM

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THE AMERICAN RED CROSS MAGAZINE is owned and published monthly by the American Red Cross in Washington, D. C., the headquarters of the National Association. It is the official publication, in other words, of the official relief and humanitarian organization of the United States—an organization chartered by Congress, supervised by the Government, and protected under the Treaty of Geneva, known as the Red Cross Treaty.

The subscription rate of the Magazine is $1 a year; one copy, 15 cents. Annual membership in the Red Cross is $1, payable annually in advance, which fee also entitles the member to the Magazine. Sustaining membership is $10, payable annually. Life membership, $25, and patron membership, $100, are procured in one payment. Make all checks, drafts, money orders, etc., payable to the American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

All members should receive the Magazine; any member failing to receive it, or having any suggestion to make regarding Red Cross service, will please communicate with the Secretary, American Red Cross, 1624 H street, Washington, D. C.

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ACTION WORTHY OF THE "MOVIES"!

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Heroic French Red Cross ambulance drivers are shown searching in ruins of houses for wounded, and finding them

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THE AMERICAN RED CROSS MAGAZINE

VOLUME ELEVEN | OCTOBER, 1916 | NUMBER TEN

TEN DAYS AT VERDUN

The Story of an American Ambulance Driver

A Harvard student with the American ambulance in Paris, in tersely worded, almost skeletonized, messages to relatives in America, here tells a story of the rescue of wounded soldiers (blessés), in the midst of terrific shrapnel and gas fighting, that exceeds in vividness and action anything bearing on individual achievement that has come to our hands from the Western war front in Europe. The far-sung "Charge of the Light Brigade" has been many times outdone by men afoot, men in automobiles, and men in the air since the great war began. And is it not inspiring especially to read of the employment of such matchless bravery to save the lives of fellow-men, as numerous boys, scarcely out of their teens, are doing in Europe today? Now for a dash into the black, reeking, maddening, brobdingnagian battle of the ages with this Harvard lad in a shell-battered ambulance and to learn of his reward. You'll be proud of him and of all like him.—THE EDITOR.

DEAR UNCLE: You have been darned nice about sending me the crimsons, which every one in the section appreciates very much. Also you asked me to write you some interesting stuff that I could not send in a family letter. I will try to reward you with a little stuff just now. For another reason, I want to record a few things just as they strike me now, while we are in the middle of this hell. I don't think you had better let dad know about this either, for it would worry him. Here it is.

This is the seventh morning of our active service here at Verdun. Camp in tents about eight kilos back. Had to change two days ago, because they started bombarding old place.

INTO THE GAS CLOUDS

First night.—Twelve cars on duty; headquarters, suburb on other side of Verdun. Pitch black. About 10 o'clock, gas attack; nearly asphyxiated getting to my car for my gas mask. We had to wear them most of the night, except when driving in particularly bad places, where it was absolutely impossible to see. Firing on road comparatively light. Awful gang of gas cases; picking them up on the road all over; choking. Got through about 10 in the morning; every one sick at stomach and eyes watering. Another bunch did day evacuation work, while we slept until supper.

Second night.—Most traces of gas gone; heavy firing and lots of *blessés*. Big detour on account of shelling of grenade factory. Houses and debris burning all along the road from shells. Thunder-storm; impossible to see on account of lightning. Artillery crashing along road at you at full gallop to get by shelling places on road. Terrible driving. Got to post on second trip; rear wheel completely entangled in barbed wire; tire blown out; no wire-cutters;

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got some from next car; cleared wire (shells going overhead). In act of slipping on new tire; heard whistle close; slid head and shoulders under car; shell went off right in center of place; my back and legs covered with rocks and stone; corner torn off car; full of shrapnel holes, which I discovered next day. Continuing on tire; another close; French lieutenant made me come into *abres;* another close; cries of *blessés,* wounded in my car. Did not know they had been loaded in till then. Felt like cad leaving them, so got out and continued on tire, slipping under each shell; none awfully close. Could not get *blessés* to come out and take last place in car, standing 10 feet away between two brancardiers; another close whistle coming, dove far under car; shell went off; brancardier dead; other wounded; myself O K except for slight scrape on nose from flying rock or shrapnel. Dragged brancardiers into *abres,* twisting knee a bit in doing this. Waited for next shell, after which dragged *blessé* into the car and got started. Got half way down street; time for another shell. Road blocked by three ambulances abreast; drivers sheltered behind doorway. Big shell hole one side; other busted wagon. Put on full speed; smashed glancingly into one; charged my way through; shell went off just then in back of me. Blew out both tires; hit *blessé* in car, who let out most blood-curdling cries I ever heard; found piece of shrapnel next morning in hair of cushion at my back; had come from rear.

Full speed back on rims only; road full of artillery, supply wagons, etc. Back O K. Made another comparatively uneventful trip. Bed at — after work (moved that day). Car, of course, sensation; looked like butcher shop inside. All men lived, but floor was simply slippery with gore.

Third night. — Much-needed sleep; pretty heavy, fellows said, but got through O K. Did day-rolling all next day continually.

THROWN BY BURSTING SHELL

Fourth night.—Filled up gas and oil and off again; headquarters changed into Verdun because of bombardment of suburb. Black as pitch and heavy rain. Heavy traffic of all kinds on road. Terrible driving. Heavy firing; dead horses and smashed wagons, etc., strewed all along. O K to post. On way back met great tangle on road; six horses killed in one spot; dead and wounded men and busted wagons all mixed up in middle of road. Got out; was in act of cutting dead horses' traces with knife; "bang" without warning, and another in the same spot. Thrown down among the tangle; face in a pool of horses' gore; showered with rocks and stuff of every kind. Sharp pain in shoulder. Thought had got one; turned out to be only a bruise. Another man in back of me same; more wounded, groaning all around; don't know how many dead; could not hear for two hours, and still have ringing in my ears. Saw that there was nothing to do but wait until firing was over. Ran back in ditch at side of road and got behind tree and big rock. More came, but I was O K. Had effect of making me cool and sort of mad (steady, you know). I actually laughed while I was waiting; don't know why. Let up for a minute; ran through debris to stop other cars coming in opposite direction. Met two just on other side; another whistle; dove under car; shell went off pretty near. Some one jumped off car and followed me; it was Paul. We stayed there couple of minutes and talked; will never forget it. Let up for a minute; climbed out; passage almost clear now. Pulled things around and finished it. Paul and other car came through. We then started on again. Got back O K. *Blessés* shook hands with me for about five minutes in dark. Made one more trip. Car went on bum just as got to post. Had to come back on high all the way, as low wouldn't take. Consequently had to keep going like hell. Had our French lieutenant with me; one of best men ever stood in shoes; heavy firing, but none awfully close; piled up on new bunch of dead horses, right on top of them. Managed to back off without tipping over and got back safe. Sleep at 9 in the morning; two shrapnel dents in my cask (helmet) and more marks on car.

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From Underwood & Underwood

INJURED MAN IN DEMOLISHED FRENCH HOME RECEIVING FIRST AID

The big guns are no respecters of persons and make the work of the ambulance squad constant and most hazardous

TAKING THE RIGHT OF WAY FOR WOUNDED

Fifth night.—Got to post O K. Heavy traffic; firing; road stinking of dead flesh. On way back heard forlorn cry of Barber. Stopped and found him in arms of Frenchman by side of road. Nerves gone, so he couldn't talk straight. Car had been hit; he was wounded; pooping hell out of road ahead where his car was. He had crawled back; was afraid to let him wait. Dragged him into front alongside of me and made a dash; never drove so fast in all my life. Passed his car; whole back shot off and wheels gone. Got to last bridge and found artillery coming across in opposite direction. Crawled across one side on the remains of a railroad track. Grabbed leading horses of a battery by bridle and jammed them over on side of road, commanding riders to wait; must have thought I was officer, because they did; hurried back and drove across. Got to headquarters O K and got Barber into dressing-room. Worst wound was on his back, but a glancing one. He will pull through O K. He is going to get the "Croix de Guerre" and the "Medaille Militaire." Was sent right back with another fellow to get *blessés* from Barber's car and drive it in if it could be done (did not know then that rear wheels were gone). Was complimented, because there were several other fellows there whose turn it was to go before me. Held up on road by smash-up. Rotten waiting. Got to car; no sign of *blessés* except a lot of hunks of gore. Frenchman near said wounded had been killed. Drove on to post and got another load and got back O K. Sleep at 10 a. m.

Sixth night.—Slept; had night off. It is now morning; still raining. Fellows say it was the quietest night of any. No casualties except a fellow got a shrapnel

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mark on his nose. I will "roll" again tonight. We will not be here more than several days more, because all our cars are smashed up from shells and collisions in traffic. A section is never kept here more than ten days.

POST-CARD DATED JULY 2

DEAR UNCLE E.: We are out of it at last and no one else hurt. My car is a pretty complete wreck, but I am O K. Last night shell went off just as was passing battery. Scared horses, so that they charged right over front of car, carrying gun and all. Got back O K, with smashed steering gear and side torn off. Night after we left Bosche bombarded home post, killing ten men in very spot where we unloaded. We consider our luck nothing short of miraculous. . . . Were there during last attack before the Somme started. Will have lots to tell you when I get home.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO HIS FATHER

We have just got back from a two days' "permission" in Paris, given to all the Americans; possible on account of the Fourth. Every one I knew was in Paris, and we all had a wonderful time. I appreciated it more than I did before I came out to the front, especially after Verdun. It was great to sit at a table again and eat real food. Every one about Paris does his (or her) best to make you have a good time when you get in from the front. They were especially nice to us from Section 3, for the reports of our work at Verdun had preceded us. . . . Upon my return here this evening, people started congratulating me; the reason for which I did not know until the section leader called me aside and told me the following facts:

ENTIRE HARVARD SECTION IS HONORED

The whole section has received an army citation and as a body has received "Croix de Guerre." Four men received individual citation and were each given "Croix de Guerre." I am pleased to tell you that I was one of the four.

Although I never spent ten days under such nervous strain as those at Verdun, though at the time it seemed like the worst in my life and as though I could never last through, I can tell you now that it is a most wonderful experience to look back upon. . . . The road and posts we used were continually under shell fire. Ten of our cars have shrapnel holes in them, besides Barber's, which was completely demolished by the shell which landed squarely on it, and mine, which has 13 individual shrapnel and "elat" holes in it, besides having a section of the right front corner blown completely off. . . .

My nose is completely healed up now, and do not believe there will be even a scar. As for my individual "Croix de Guerre," by some freak of chance I happened to fall into the worst situations, and any of the other fellows would have done the same had they been in my shoes.

I did not break my promise to you not to venture for dangerous things. I was simply put into them. Again, I merely happened to be the car behind Barber, and what was there to do beside the rescue act. . . . The whole road was simply paved with dead horses and men.

CONCEIVE but for a moment the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in this neighborhood. When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors? Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of heaven and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There the cottages of peasants given up to the flames; mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves, but their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil!

—*Robert Hall.*

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A BRONX DAISY

DO YOU not remember that sentimental ballad, "The Fairest Flower of All," of a few years ago? Anyhow, here is her picture, or one of the species—a beautiful little Bronx daisy. If you want any further particulars, she is wee Miss Norma Lucy Braidwood, youngest member of the Bronx County Chapter of the American Red Cross. Last month we showed you Master Joseph W. Hatch, Jr., aged six weeks, record holder for early action in joining the Red Cross in the Metropolitan District. Now trips in dainty Norma Lucy, a prize winner, as welcome as the nodding meadow blossoms all about her.

Having read in past issues of the RED CROSS MAGAZINE of the activities of children in behalf of the Red Cross, writes Miss Ellen Louise Adee, Chairman of the Bronx Chapter, a group of Bronx school children were interested and proceeded to make real sacrifices. They refused to recognize and turned up their noses at lollypops and ice-cream cones and other luxuries, in order especially to provide, through the Red Cross, necessities and comforts for the United States military force on the border, and in no time collected $170.

The Bronx Chapter, like many of the more than 200 American Red Cross chapters, has been energetic in providing and forwarding to distributing points the varied acceptable contributions for our soldiers and sailors, including the gift of a motor ambulance to the Second Field Artillery, one of the Bronx batteries. This Chapter's activities have covered a wide range since its organization, in October, 1914, and 72,000 hospital garments and dressings had been provided for the European war victims by September 1 of this year.

This sweet lassie coming through the daisies, is Norma Lucy Braidwood, youngest member of the Bronx County Chapter of the Red Cross

Relief for German and Austrian Prisoners

IN BEHALF of the Prisoners of War Relief Committee, of New York, the American Red Cross has just started on its way to prison camps of Siberia, via Tientsin, China, a shipment of 211 cases of relief supplies designated for German and Austrian prisoners. The shipment, which has been made from the Brooklyn Receiving and Shipping Station of the Red Cross, is consigned to the American Consul General in Tientsin, weighs 38,000 pounds, and is valued at $17,587.

The bulk of it is composed of winter wearing apparel, such as overcoats, heavy underwear, warm shirts, blankets, woolen socks, gloves, suits, waistcoats, shoes, hats, and caps. The steamer *City of New Castle* has left New York with these supplies and is going by way of the Panama Canal to Shanghai.

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THE BOYS ON THE BORDER WANT COMFORT KITS

One Hundred and Twenty-five Graduate Enrolled Red Cross Nurses Are Distributed Along the Mexican Frontier.

COMFORT kits are needed more than anything else by the large force of American soldiers on the Mexican border, according to telegraphic advices received from the Red Cross Supply Depot in El Paso. The Department of Military Relief of the American Red Cross, through Surgeon T. W. Richards, Director of the Bureau of Supplies, has issued the following general announcement concerning the need of our forces on the frontier:

"As there seems to be considerable misapprehension regarding the supplies actually needed by our troops on the border, the following telegram from the Manager of the Red Cross Supply Depot, El Paso, Texas, is quoted for your information:

> " 'Have you any more comfort kits for distribution? Can use several thousand if possible to procure. More needed than anything among soldiers.'

"It is hoped that this appeal will meet with response, and in order that effort may not be wasted along unprofitable lines, it is suggested that *no more* of the following articles be sent to the border:

Abdominal bands
Typhus bags Goggles

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THE BAND ON THE RIO GRANDE

The Regimental Band on the border does much to enliven the hours for the men in khaki

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"Goggles are supplied by the government when needed, and a great many of the other articles have already been shipped. It should also be understood that the government supplies our troops with all necessities. Donations of surgical dressings and hospital supplies are *not* required at this time. Work along these lines should be devoted to the preparation of boxes called for in connection with the Red Cross base hospital units now being organized for the Army and Navy in time of war. (Ask for Circular No. 126, Bureau of Supplies, Red Cross, Washington, D. C.)

"Nearly all the medical relief supplies sent to the border have been designated

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AN INGENIOUSLY IMPROVISED SHOWER BATH "SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO"

Members of General Pershing's Punitive Expedition use it with delight. But you have to take turns at the pump while somebody else gets a shower. The barrel serves as a storage reservoir for about two baths.

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for the use of local organizations. This interest in the home troops is natural, but it should be remembered that there are a large number of regulars who have been on duty on the border for a very long time, and their needs should not be overlooked. It is hoped, therefore, that more supplies will be designated for the use of the regular troops.

"In some cases too many supplies of the same character have been sent to certain organizations. It is therefore recommended that when supplies are shipped to a commanding officer he is authorized to transfer any excess to other organizations after his own troops are fully provided for."

To reinforce the Army Nurse Corps on the Mexican border, the War Department has obtained from the American Red Cross 125 graduate Red Cross enrolled nurses for assignment to camp and base hospitals distributed along the frontier from Nogales, Ariz., to Brownsville, Texas. Fifteen of these 125 are representatives of big civil hospitals in which American Red Cross base hospital units have been organized by Col. Jefferson R. Kean, Medical Corps, U. S. A., the Director General of Military Relief of the Red Cross. The nurses were selected by Miss Jane A. Delano, Chairman of the National Committee on Red Cross Nursing Service.

"WHAT SHOULD I DO WHEN—?"

One or two questions concerning the proper steps to take in rendering First Aid, from members of the American Red Cross, will be answered monthly in this department. The answers in large part will be taken from First Aid Text-Books of the American Red Cross. Address communications to the "What Should I Do When" Editor, American Red Cross Magazine, Washington, D. C.

QUERY: Our cook in lighting the gas stove turned it on too long before applying the match, so that a mass of flames, like a small explosion, burned her face quite badly. Fortunately her eyes, though burnt, were not seriously injured. What first aid should have been rendered before the doctor could be summoned?—MEMBER.

ANSWER: The first thing that should have been done was to place the patient flat on her back on a bed or couch.

Although it is stated in the question that the eyes were not seriously injured, it would be difficult for a layman to determine that fact satisfactorily. On account of their great value, the eyes should have been given the first attention. If available, a small teaspoonful of boric acid should have been dissolved in a glass of warm water, using a clean spoon to agitate and facilitate solution. Holding the lids open, each eye should have been washed out gently with this solution, allowing the fluid to run into the eye without rubbing, using clean absorbent cotton as a dropper. If not available, about one-half teaspoonful of sweet or olive oil should have been poured into each eye.

According to availability, any of the following could then have been gently smeared onto the burnt surface of the face, with a piece of clean linen cloth, in order to exclude air:

1. Fresh cream. 2. Lard. 3. Paste of baking soda and water. 4. Paste of starch and water. 5. Olive oil. 6. Clean vaseline.

A clean cloth of appropriate size should then have been gently laid over the burns, bandaging the same lightly in place, being careful to cut "air holes" over the mouth and nostrils and "sight holes" over the eyes.

If a package of picric acid gauze had been available, it should have been used in preference to the other remedies and applied to the burned face, either dry or after wringing out in hot water, being careful that it was permitted to cool sufficiently before applying. The patient should have been covered with blankets; and hot tea, coffee, or a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia, well diluted in water, have been administered by mouth. The doctor would probably have found his patient quite comfortable when he arrived.

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Is One Magazine Enough for Your Family?

All members of the American Red Cross are entitled to receive the Red Cross Magazine. There are often several Red Cross members in one family or household. It has been suggested that the sending of more than one magazine into such family or household is a needless expense. It is better, however, to send too many magazines than to have the magazine fail to reach any member.

It would be a distinct economy to the American Red Cross to avoid the sending of unnecessary magazines, but such economy cannot be realized without the authority and coöperation of our members.

A revision of the magazine mailing list in accordance with this notice will in no way affect the status of members.

The blank printed below will make it easy for you to send notification to this office of cases where a saving may be obtained in the publication of the magazine.

Your coöperation in meeting this difficulty is urgently requested.

Clint Wadsworth

Acting Chairman, Central Committee,
American Red Cross.

(Cut Out on Dotted Line)

PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY

Date . 1916.

The American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.:

One copy of the AMERICAN RED CROSS MAGAZINE mailed to

Name (Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Street

City, Town, or Rural Route

State

will serve satisfactorily the list of members given below and you may discontinue sending to such list until further notice.

List of members to whom magazine need not be sent.

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Street

City, Town, or Rural Route

State

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Jas. Tanner
1861.

A CIVIL WAR TIME DRAWING OF HON. JAMES TANNER, OF WASHINGTON, MADE FIFTY FIVE YEARS AGO WHEN HE WAS A CORPORAL IN THE 87TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS. (SEE "BEFORE RED CROSS DAYS.")

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BEFORE RED CROSS DAYS

OR

Second Bull Run and the End of the War for Me

By CORPORAL JAMES TANNER

(Concluded from last month)

In the September number of this Magazine Hon. James Tanner, of Washington, D. C., who was a corporal in the 87th New York Volunteers, graphically described how Stonewall Jackson's artillery shot off both of his feet at the Second Battle of Bull Run, and his subsequent neglect and great suffering, due to the woeful inadequacy of the medical and nursing system—to the lack of foresight and preparedness for war-relief work. This, the concluding instalment of his intensely interesting reminiscences, reveals life in a Civil War hospital in a story-telling style that is stirring and entertaining. It has a strong patriotic appeal and broadly points to the need of a potential Red Cross organization.—THE EDITOR.

CORPORAL TANNER TODAY

FAIRFAX SEMINARY was a theological school before the war, has been since, and is yet. The main building was not extremely large; but long wooden wards had been erected outside, and altogether there were some seventeen hundred or a little more of the sick and wounded lying there. When I was taken out of the ambulance and carried in, I was laid on the first bed at the end of the ward I was taken into. After my wounds and back had been dressed, they placed me in a clean bed on the opposite side, two beds from the end. The hospital was very nearly full to its complete capacity. I had become emaciated to a horrifying degree; so much so, in fact, that both of my hip bones had pierced the skin.

Day and night passed almost unheeded. I realized that I could do nothing to help myself, and that there was no use of worrying. I had been visited by the Protestant chaplain of the hospital, the Rev. John A. Jerome, and at my request he had written a letter to my mother, telling where I was and the condition I was in. Of the Rev. Mr. Jerome, I wish to say that he seemed to me to resemble as much as man can what Christ must have been when on earth in human form.

As I have stated, I was lying now in the second bed from the end of the hospital ward and had, when I rolled my head that way, a clear view out of the window. I had been there, I think, some three days when I heard the tread of a horse, and, looking out of the window, I saw that whoever was driving had stopped with the dashboard just in view. I could not see who was driving, but I saw his arms when, as the horse stopped, he threw his lines each side of the dashboard. At once I recognized the motion and said to myself: "It's my brother John." I learned afterward that he had been hunting the hospitals around Washington, trying to find me, but the only information he could get was that I had been left a prisoner in the enemy's hands.

He had come down to Alexandria to go through the hospitals there and, feeling the necessity of something to eat, had entered a restaurant. While waiting for his order to be served he engaged in conversation with a soldier in the uniform of a sergeant and told him whom he was looking for and how I was wounded. The sergeant told him that there was one in Fairfax Seminary Hospital who had lost both limbs, but it could not possibly be

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his brother, because this man had lost both limbs above the knee. That was the sergeant's mistake. Fortunately my brother concluded that he would go and see who it was anyhow.

HIS BROTHER FINDS HIM

Very naturally, under the strong impression I was that that was my brother John who stopped there, I was watching the door. There was a little delay about his coming in. He confessed to me afterward that, while I was watching the door, he looked through the window and saw who it was that lay there; and he could not come in just then. But he came in and very soon was in my embrace: and I recall, and he verified it, that my first exclamation was: "Oh John, how did you find me?" His mere presence inspired me with new courage, and my questions about home and folks, of course, were intensely earnest. After a little, realizing that I was liable to exhaust myself talking, he told me that he would have to go back to Washington to get his baggage, which he had left there, but that he would be down early the next morning, and then we would see what arrangements could be made.

I had a great fear in my heart that he could not remain with me because of his duties at home, he being a farmer, with hops as the principal crop; and the picking season was just on, and it was vitally necessary that it should be thoroughly attended to. I asked him when he was going home and he answered: "I shall go just as soon as you are ready to go with me." I expressed surprise that he should find it or think it possible for him to be away for any considerable length of time, but his answer was: "Jim, I wouldn't dare face mother again if I did not take you with me."

I had a great fear that in the crowded condition of the hospital it would be impossible for him to secure accommodations to stay there over the night, but, soon after he had left for Washington, Dr. Smith came walking down the aisle, and as he looked at me he skipped several of the beds he would ordinarily have stopped at, came directly to me, and said: "Your countenance tells me that you have had good news, my boy. What is it?" I said: "Doctor, my brother has come." "Where is he now?" he asked, and I told him; and he remarked: "Coming back tomorrow morning, is he?" "Yes, he'll be here early in the morning." "Well," he said, "you tell him for me that if he does not take possession of that bed next to you and stay by you until he can take you back home I'll have him courtmartialed and shot." Needless to say, there was great joy in my heart.

John came back the next morning and stayed with me until the 15th of October, when we started home together. Of what occurred in the meantime, while I was there within the walls of the hospital, it is hard to speak of, even fifty years afterward; but there are some memories of experiences there that I would not have wiped out for a very large sum of money. One experience I had early in those hospital days was of such a horrible nature that it makes the blood run cold yet when I think of it, and I would not record it except for the truth of history and the fact that connected with it was what seems to me to have been an important incident and one worthy of record.

NEAR DEATH FROM GANGRENE

I had been there but a few days. I was very much reduced, and, lying, as I was compelled to most of the time, either on my face or, at long intervals, a little bit on my side, it was very irksome. Then one day the doctor sat down by my bedside and, as gently as he could, informed me that gangrene had set in in my back, due to the neglect of me after Second Bull Run; that, if unchecked, it meant certain death, and that the only possible way to check it was to burn it out with caustics. I thought I had some realization of what this meant and the agony it would involve, but I had deliberately made up my mind to battle to the limit and do my part in every way, shape, and manner I could to produce a favorable result; so I told him to go ahead. It seemed to me afterward that experience in the orthodox hell would have no terrors for me after the siege I went through there. I lay, of course, prone upon my face, and I bit the pillow and suppressed all the groans I could while they seared and seared and seared.

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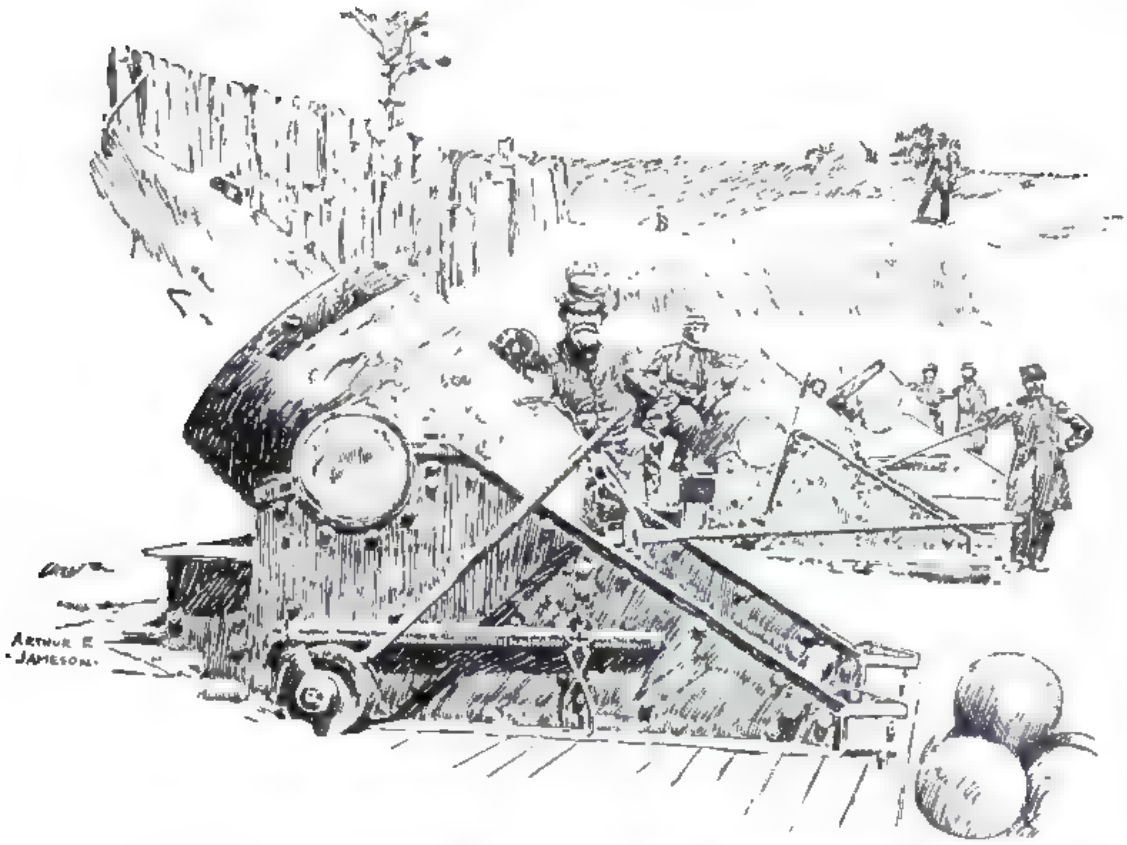

A UNION MORTAR BATTERY IN FRONT OF YORKTOWN

Corporal Tanner's "baptism of fire during the national tragedy of the sixties came on the picket line at Yorktown." This illustration is from an old school history. Note the pickets on the ridge.

The medical staff of the hospital had been very kind to my brother and had taken him into their mess. In one of their chats one day my condition and the condition of my back was spoken of. My brother inquired if there was not something known to them by which the sore spot on my back could be elevated from the bed and so avoid the close contact and the resultant fever and inflammation which would follow, and they replied there was nothing. Then he asked if there could not be made a ring of oil-cloth, to be stuffed with sawdust or some other substance, and so support the back, but leave the affected spot free from contact. The idea struck them favorably; one was manufactured and placed under me, much to my relief and, I have no doubt, much to my benefit. It was undoubtedly a large factor in the matter of my recovery. It seems almost unbelievable, looking back to that period now, that they knew nothing of rubber rings, air cushions, or anything of that kind at that time.

I joyfully turn from the contemplation of such a gruesome matter to one far more pleasant. Various people visited the hospital at times, but one of our regular visitors was a Southern lady, Mrs. Virginia Scott, whose residence was on Bush Hill, near Alexandria. I believe all of her male relatives were in the Southern army, but her woman's heart would not permit her to stay away from the scenes of suffering and misery that were to be witnessed in that hospital. So she came and brought her little tribute of flowers and such delicacies as were at her command; but, best of all, she sat down by our bedsides and cheered us by her gentle conversation. My youthfulness and my emaciated appearance somehow or other seemed to attract her to me, and so I was the largest beneficiary of her kindly attentions.

She came in one day with some flowers and sat down by the side of my bed, conversing with me a little and saying what she could to cheer me up. On the other

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side of the ward and in the bed at the end—the bed on which I was placed when I was first brought into the hospital—there lay a soldier who had had his leg amputated. I noticed that there was something of a stir there, and that the attendants had brought in a table and placed it near the door, at the extreme end of the ward and just beyond this soldier's bed. As I looked that way, Mrs. Scott arose and, picking up the chair in which she had been sitting, passed around to the other side of my bed, which placed her between my vision and the soldier lying over there who had the amputated limb. She asked if I did not want her to read something to me, and, taking out a paper and opening it wide, she began to read at short intervals, in the meantime looking over the paper for something to interest me. I did not know at the time that it had become necessary to re-amputate that soldier's leg, and that he was so weak they did not wish to undertake to remove him to the operating room; so they had performed the operation right there, within a few feet of me. The good lady's change of position had been caused by her desire to obstruct the scene from my vision.

SURGEON KNOCKS DOWN MAN NURSE

A great deal can be seen and experienced, even in a hospital ward, by one who is confined to his bed. We had male nurses, and one day Dr. Smith came down the aisle on one of his infrequent visits and, halting a few beds away from me, examined the condition of a man who lay on the opposite side of the ward. It was evident at once that the doctor was very much incensed when he found out the condition of the man. He inquired who was the nurse who had had charge and some one named him to him and said: "Here he comes now." The man came forward, and the doctor, without a word, picked up a three-legged stool and knocked him prone upon the floor. The nurse had neglected the soldier outrageously and this was the doctor's protest.

In the bed at my right lay a little bit of a lad from Maine, badly wounded. It was a question whether he would survive or not. He was a pathetic figure, for it seemed that he would have been much more appropriately placed had he been seated on his mother's knee, receiving her endearments, rather than lying there as a part of the red vintage of the battlefield. He questioned the surgeon there one day very earnestly as to his chances and begged him to tell him honestly what that chance was. The surgeon was a conscientious man and hesitated to speak out what he really felt, but the lad pressed him so strongly that finally the surgeon said to him: "Well, my boy, suppose it be God's will that your time to go has come; it can't be that in your young life you have done things that would make you afraid to meet His judgment." "Oh no, Doctor," and there came a sob in his throat; "there's an old woman up in Maine, my mother, and if I die it will kill her. I've *got* to go home to mother."

The lad's earnest desire told in his favor, for it is a truth that many a person died in the hospital simply because he let go and made no further effort; and before I left the hospital I saw the little fellow start on his way home to "mother" in Maine.

Three beds to my right, as I lay in that long ward, lay an Irishman, full of good nature, with a keen sense of humor, ardently devoted to the cause of liberty the world round, fighting from day to day and hour to hour a desperate but unavailing battle for life. Many a time his witty observations brought a smile to the pain-contorted features of those lying in the beds immediately around him. His disposition was to see clearly the humor of life and to skip over the hard points as lightly as possible; but less and less frequently came these humorous outbreaks on the part of Pat. So it was that one day the good priest who had visited him several times before, being advised by the doctor, came into the ward, sat down by Pat's bedside, and as gently as he could broke the dread news to him that he had but a few hours to live.

LIBERTY-LOVING IRISHMAN'S FAREWELL

I was lying on my side, facing that way, and had a side view of Pat's blanching face as he grasped the awful truth. I saw his hand steal out and grasp that of the priest, whose own eyes were suffused with tears; the muscles of his face

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twitched; his breast heaved convulsively. Then he asked: "Will you do me a favor, Father?" "Certainly; what is it, Pat?" "Turn my bed around; I want to look out of the window." We were all lying on narrow hospital beds, with rollers under them. The priest arose, moved the chair in which he had been sitting, and, stepping to the foot of the bed, rolled it round so that Pat could look out of the window, wondering, I have no doubt, as I did, what his desire was. But almost instantly we knew. He desired to look at the old flag once more, and it had been necessary to move his bed thus in order for him to get a sight of the flagstaff and the flag at the top.

I have read poems galore and listened to many orations which have apostrophized the flag, but I have never read or heard anything that entered the soul so intensely as did that unlettered Irishman's eulogy of it. A smile broke on his face as he exclaimed: "There ye are, darlin', at the top, an' there ye'll shtay 'til ye float onchallenged from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico! I loved ye before I ever saw ye on yer own sile; I've prayed fer ye an' I've fought fer ye; an' now they tell me I must *die* fer ye. I wish I could shtay to see yer final triumph, but it isn't God's will. I hope He'll let me look down from above and see it when the time comes. God bless ye! Good-by, old flag! good-by!" Then with a sob he turned to the priest, who sat listening intently, and said: "Ye'll write to her, Father. Break the news gently. Sore'll be her heart when she finds that Pat will come back no more to Biddy an' the b'ys. Tell her fer me to bring the b'ys up so that they'll be men an' patriots an' shtand fer the flag even unto the death, as their father has."

There flashed across my mind the memory of how near akin were the thoughts of Pat and of the Michigan man who died near me that first night on the floor of the Van Pelt farm-house. When Pat had finished his message to his wife, in a softer tone he said: "An' now, Father, fer me soul's salvation." When I awoke the next morning Pat's bed was empty. Some time during the night his soul had gone to God.

A day or two after Pat's death I was removed from the long ward to a third-story room in the main building of the seminary, directly over the main entrance, where my brother and I were the only occupants of the room. No reason was given to me as to why this was done, but it occurred to me, though perhaps I am too egotistical in supposing it, that it was because my condition had excited unusual interest in the hospital and they concluded it would be better to remove me from a locality where more or less men were dying every day. Certainly no man in the desperate condition I was in ever had more earnest effort put forward by the "medicos" and the attendants to help him pull through than I had.

My experiences in that room were of a nature never to be forgotten and considerably varied. In mentioning my occupancy of it I would not omit special mention of the surgeon under whose direct charge I was while there—Dr. Henry W. Ducachet, Jr. He died in Georgetown, District of Columbia, in 1867. I have a most grateful remembrance of him, not only for his ability in his profession, but for his genial, gentle qualities. He did much to relieve the tedium of a sick room. And to another I am especially grateful. The call had gone out over the country for medical help, and among civilian physicians who responded was one by the name of Dr. J. L. Allen, of Saco, Maine. I think that every physician attached to the hospital called upon me more or less, but Dr. Allen more than all of them. I am his debtor for many cheerful hours, and some little pain, because he would sit and tell me stories which, in spite of my weakened condition, would excite my risibilities and force me to laugh outright.

My brother searched the markets of Washington and Alexandria for such eatables as it was thought might tempt my appetite, but always under the direction of Dr. Ducachet as to what I might be permitted to enjoy. I was allowed very little fruit and always had a surplus of it, by reason of which I had a good many visitors among the patients who could get around and who liked to come and pay me a little visit, knowing that if I could

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not talk much to them there would still be something to whet their appetites and please their palates.

THE "DEAD MARCH" AT 4 O'CLOCK

My musical education was somewhat increased by lying there. In knowledge of matters musical I was always woefully deficient, though my enjoyment of music has been intense from my earliest years. I think it is no exaggeration to say that at the time I entered the hospital the only two tunes I knew were "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star Spangled Banner"; but, lying there, I came to know, when I heard it, the "Dead March," and this for the simple reason that every day at 4 o'clock, I think, the dead of the day would be carried out for burial through the main entrance, directly under my window, with the drum and fife playing the "Dead March." So I came to know it and dread it.

My brother had a bed immediately adjoining mine, the only other bed in the room, but placed close to mine, where I could reach out during the night and rouse him if I needed any attention. I think during the daytime I came to know, and I know I undertook to count, the various specks on the side walls and the ceiling, but before I could complete it I always got tired and gave it up in disgust. What I dreaded most was the long waiting hours of the night, when the stillness would very seldom be broken except by the heavy breathing of my brother by my side. I had noticed from the start of my occupancy of that room that occasionally in the night there would come the tread of people coming up the stairs to the floor on which my room was situated; and while I did not know what called them up there, nevertheless I welcomed their coming, because it broke the stillness. Finally I noticed that they came with measured tread, and that as they reached the head of the stairs they always turned down the corridor to the left. Eventually, by accident, I learned that the room in which they placed those who had died during the night was down that corridor, and that the steps I heard were of those who were bearing the bodies of men who had died that night and were being brought up to the room on that floor to be prepared for burial. After that, needless to say, I did not enjoy their coming.

When my brother was out at market or out for any other reason, there attended me a male nurse by the name of Fred. His last name I cannot remember, and I regretted years ago that I had not charged my mind with it or made a memorandum of it, for he was the soul of kindness. One day when I was especially low in spirit and my brother was absent, Fred stood at the right side of my bed, fanning me, when my door opened and a lady entered—a lady of uncertain age. She bore a paper-wrapped and twine-bound bundle, and, needless to say, to anybody who has ever inhabited a hospital, either for a long or short time, a lady in the hospital with a bundle was an object of great interest to the patients therein. She had an almost military stride, and she strode forward until she stood close against the side of my bed, when, looking down at me intently for several moments, she said in most mournful tones: "Poor boy, I hope you are prepared for the great change which is evidently so near." Her very tone was depressing, but I had my eye on the bundle and I rallied enough to say to her that I hoped God would be merciful and care for one who realized that he was powerless to help himself. I wondered whether the bundle would develop something good for the palate and was quite anxious about it.

"I'LL NEVER AGAIN DANCE A FIGURE"

The good woman proceeded to give me a serious homily on the vanity of earthly matters and the necessity of preparing, while life yet remained, for a future stage of existence. I agreed with every word she said, and still I kept my eye on that bundle. She carried the bundle on her left arm and finally untied the string and opened it. It was elevated above my line of vision, so I could not see then what it contained. Turning to me, and with a little more of the serious talk, she said: "I trust that when you get well enough, if you ever do, this will be a benefit to your soul," and she whisked from the top of the package a tract, which she laid upon my bed.

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HERE IS THE OLD LONG BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC AT WASHINGTON

As it looked and was sentinelled when young James Tanner, dangerously wounded, crossed it fifty-five years ago on his return to his home in New York

The disappointment was intense, and I am afraid it showed itself in my tone of voice as I said: "Thank you, madam. Good day." She bade me good day and, gathering the bundle together, started for the door. As she did so, in the weariness of my soul and for the lack of something else to do, I lifted the tract and read the title, and lo and behold! it was on the evil effects of dancing. The grotesqueness of the situation struck me forcefully and dissipated my gloom, and I called as loudly as I could to her, which at my best was very faint, "Madam! madam!" She heard me and turned and I faintly beckoned to her, and again she came and stood by my bedside. Whereupon I said to her: "Madam, the visit you have paid me and the words that have fallen from your lips have made a deep impression upon my mind, and I desire before you depart to give you my word as a soldier and a gentleman that if I live as long as Methuselah I'll never again dance a figure in all my life." She looked confused and felt intuitively that there was something back of it which she did not understand; and at that moment, seeing her concern, Fred stepped to the foot of the bed, threw back the sheet which covered my bandaged limbs, and she saw to the fullest extent the non-dancing condition I was in. Her face turned white and without a word she turned and staggered out of the room. Then I was extremely sorry that the thing had occurred. Now, the explanation of it was that she was a good woman who devoted her time to work in and around camps and hospitals. That day she had concluded to devote herself to the spiritual side of our welfare and had gone to the headquarters tent of the American Tract Society and had taken a bundle of tracts to distribute. They had been done up in the publishing house in New York, and it was by mere accident that this particular tract, so inaptly bestowed, happened to be on the top of the package, and that she opened the package in my room.

The days and nights dragged their weary way around until near the middle of October. In the interim my comrades who had carried me from the field found where I was located and came to see me. They required the evidence of their own eyesight to be convinced that I had survived that awful shock. They brought

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back and left with me my pocket Bible and diary, which, on the night I was wounded, I had given to them, before they left me in the Van Pelt farm-house, with the request that they would see that they were forwarded to my mother.

I had spoken to Dr. Ducachet two or three times and asked him when I might start for home, and his answer had always been: "Whenever you think you can stand the journey, my boy, you shall go." Now began to pall upon my taste any kind of food. I was thinking more and more longingly every day of my mother's kitchen and of mother's cooking. I was becoming worried about the condition of my brother. He was tossing and muttering in his sleep at night. I reached over and touched his forehead and found that he had some fever, and I was satisfied that the malaria of the Potomac was getting hold of him, and that the sooner we got into another climate the better it would be for both of us.

KEEPING A GRIP ON LIFE

So on the 14th of October I put the question again to Dr. Ducachet as to when I could start for home, and he made the same answer—whenever I felt able. My answer to that was: "Doctor, have my papers made out." "What do you mean, my boy?" he asked. And I answered: "I go tomorrow." At once he began to protest: I must be reasonable; I was in no condition to travel; I had not sat up a single bit; I must be patient a little longer. I soon checked him. I said: "Hold up, Doctor. I can't argue with you. I'm too weak. You have promised me repeatedly that whenever I felt that I wanted to go I should start. Now, I am not unreasonable; my appetite is failing me; my brother is in bad condition, and I have made up my mind that I go tomorrow unless you have been lying to me. Are you a liar, Dr. Ducachet? And have you been?" He tried to reason with me, but I was obdurate and made answer: "You take advantage of me, sir. I am too weak to argue with you. I rest upon your veracity or non-veracity. According to that it will be decided." He made still another appeal to me to be patient a little longer and presented undoubtedly good reasons why I ought to be, winding up with asking me if now, after thinking it over, I did not agree with him. I made the same answer: "My question is, Are you a liar?" He went and told my brother of it and said: "We have got to let him go. If we don't, he'll be dead in forty-eight hours, for he can die any time if he gives up his grip." He continued: "You won't be able to get him farther than Washington, but I have a good friend who is in charge of a hospital there and I'll give you a note of introduction to him, and you'll get the best of attention. Get ready to start with him tomorrow. I'll see that the papers are made out."

Some time during the next forenoon my brother had an open carriage and team at the door. I was propped up in bed and, to a degree, dressed, though they had to rip the garments I put on and then lace them on. By some chance or other my old army cap, with its red diamond flannel patch of the Kearny Division attached, had stayed by me, and when they put that on my head I felt almost thoroughly dressed. The news had somehow gone out through the wards that I was leaving for home that morning, and I think every man who could crawl at all got out to see me off. The "God bless you's" and good wishes showered upon me were certainly encouraging. On the drive up to Washington my brother inquired frequently how I was standing it, if I did not feel very fatigued, etc.; and finally, as we neared Long Bridge, he ventured the suggestion that to go straight through would be almost too much for me and gently suggested that we rest a little while in a hospital at Washington.

I said: "John, I suppose the doctor at Fairfax gave you a note of introduction to some surgeon in charge of a hospital in Washington." I had hit the nail on the head and he had to own up; but I said to him: "There is one thing our doctors did not understand. I am going toward home and mother's kitchen and we make no longer halt in Washington than is necessary. You need not say another word about it; we go on tonight." That settled it. We crossed Long Bridge and drove to the National Hotel, where the carriage halted and my brother went in to make arrangements for a room. Soon

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he came out and they carried me in through the main entrance of the National and through a lobby which was crowded with army officers in brilliant uniform, who, probably, most of them, ought to have been with their commands at the front; and more than one had a look of horror on his face as he saw the condition I was in.

DENIED A SLEEPER BERTH

That evening we left for New York over a certain railroad. This road during the war had many times been the object of attacks by the enemy and a great many men of our army had been employed at one time or another to protect its lines. Yet I was denied a section or a berth in the sleeping-car because their rules prohibited a sick or wounded soldier being allowed in the sleeping-car. In the old-fashioned day coaches of that time there was always a long cane-covered seat at the end of the car opposite the men's toilet room, and they placed me on that.

In our car there was a detail of soldiers, a sergeant and ten men, who insisted on contributing their overcoats, and so made me up a comfortable couch. They took it for granted, because I was in that car, that we were too poor to afford the expense of a sleeper. But later, in conversation with my brother, they learned of the rule of the road which kept me out of the sleeping-car. Then that grizzled old sergeant—and he was scarred and battle-worn—came and knelt down on the floor by me, and there was a tremor in his voice as he told me that they had just learned why I was not in the sleeping-car. "And now, my boy," he said, "I have got ten men here, each with a gun and a bayonet, and if you will just consent to it we will pick you up as gently as a mother would pick up a babe and we'll put you in that sleeping-car. And God help anybody that tries to oppose it!" I thanked him, but told him that I was riding very comfortably, and to undertake to be carried into the car, with the consequent disturbance, would be more deleterious to me than to continue the ride as I was.

During a halt in Philadelphia I was the recipient of the kindness of the famous old Cooper Refreshment Shop, as I had been on my way to the front. Now it took the form of something to eat, which was brought into the car, and there was also brought in a great pillow, on which my head rested for the balance of my journey. Arriving in New York the next morning, I breakfasted while seated in a carriage. Then came a trip on the Hudson River Railroad to Albany, a rest of a week at the house of an uncle who lived there, during which time I received a call from our splendid war-Governor, Edwin D. Morgan, who spoke most encouragingly to me and promised me that when I got well enough to be looking for some occupation, which he felt sure I would do "after having fought as brave a battle," he said, as I had, to remember that he was and would be my friend—a promise which he emphatically made good in after years.

Then came a 50-mile carriage ride, occupying two days, and again I found myself in the arms of my mother, and back on the old farm, from which I had gone out in such high hope less than fourteen months before, and where now I must lie for many months and look out over the fields I had played over and worked on, but over which I could roam no more.

[THE END]

WOULDN'T you like to be a life member of the American Red Cross? You could settle your membership with one check of $25, which, at 4 per cent interest, would enable the Red Cross to defray all expense incident to handling it indefinitely.

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A CONVENIENT PLACE TO COLLAPSE

DURING the recent hot weather in Washington a gang of negroes was excavating about a bend in the street-car tracks at the intersection of Seventeenth and H streets, almost in front of general headquarters of the American Red Cross. It was about 9 o'clock in the morning; but even at that hour the heat waves were rising from the asphalt paving as if from a red-hot stove. The atmosphere was humid and smothering.

Certain negroes were engaged in driving great spikes with sledge hammers and punctuating their blows with grunts and throat sounds. It was "huh," "huh," "huh," as each "darky" whacked the spike.

A street-car, south bound, came along Seventeenth street and the negroes scrambled out from under and away from the tracks. As the car was turning the curve into H street and was immediately beside the waiting trackmen, a great shout went up. The motorman put on the emergency brakes and the car stopped in one length. From near the track and the rear of the car several negroes lifted one of their number, a middle-aged man, who sagged limp in their arms. His head lolled about.

The motorman, white and shaky, and the conductor climbed down from their car and hurried to the rear. At this instant there was a roar of laughter from the grouped negroes.

"Jes' travel on, gemmen; travel on. You didn't kill him. Haw! haw! haw! It's jes' sunstroke; yassah."

The poor semi-conscious workman was carried thirty steps into the shade on the sidewalk, immediately under the windows of the First Aid Division of the Red Cross, and Major Patterson, the chief of that division, and half the personnel of his office were reviving him in a very few moments. It was heat exhaustion and not sunstroke.

The motorman recovered as rapidly as did the heat victim.

SHIPMENTS OF AMERICAN RED CROSS WAR RELIEF SUPPLIES FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1916*

Country.	No. of shipments.	No. pkgs.	Purchased.	Donated supplies. Designated.	Donated supplies. Undesignated.	Total value.
Belgium	1	14	$535.82	$155.00	.....	$650.82
England	1	20	.....	954.00	.....	954.00
France	2	131	4,602.00	3,142.40	.....	7,744.40
Italy	1	15	1,438.00	260.00	.....	1,698.00
Russia	4	53	.....	1,168.50	$480.50	1,649.00
Serbia	5	70	240.00	4,196.98	.....	4,436.58
Siberia	2	3,892	.....	15,660.53	.....	15,660.53
	16	4,195	$6,815.82	$25,537.41	$480.50	$32,833.73

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS RECEIVED IN AUGUST, 1916

No. of shipments.	By whom acknowledged.	Dates of letters.
Belgium, 2	Belgian Red Cross, Calais	July 20
England, 1	British Red Cross, London	August 14
France, 4	American Relief Clearing House, Paris.	July 26, August 9
Italy, 3	American Relief Clearing House, Rome, and U. S. Consul General, Genoa.	June 20, August 5
Serbia, 3	American Relief Clearing House, Paris, and Serbian Legation, London.	July 26, August 15

*No shipments of hospital supplies have been made to the Central Powers, owing to the continuance of the embargo by the Allied Governments against such shipments.

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Bellevue Gives Another Official

THE ever-growing general nursing service of the American Red Cross has luckily procured in an important capacity another Bellevue Hospital and Training School official of exceptional professional talent. Miss Clara D. Noyes, superintendent of the training school of this splendid New York institution, has been selected by the Executive Committee of the Red Cross, on the recommendation of Miss Jane A. Delano, Chairman of the National Committee on Red Cross Nursing Service, as superintendent of the Nursing Bureau in Washington, and assumed her duties October 1. Miss Delano herself was formerly superintendent of Bellevue Training School and for a time was acting superintendent of Bellevue Hospital.

An announcement given the press by Mr. Taft, Chairman of the Central Committee of the Red Cross, relating to the acquisition of Miss Noyes, says in part:

"Under the most efficient management of Miss Jane A. Delano, Chairman of the National Committee on Nursing Service, a corps of over 7,000 of the representative graduate trained nurses of the country have been enrolled for Red Cross service. This branch of the work has become so large and important and the burden of it so great that Miss Delano felt it advisable to secure a superintendent for the Nursing Bureau to be, if possible, one of the ablest training school superintendents.

"Although born in Maryland, Miss Noyes comes of New England ancestors who have been prominent in the history of this country for several generations. She graduated from Johns Hopkins Hospital Training School for Nurses in 1896. The following year she went to the New England Hospital for Women and Children, Boston, Mass., as superintendent of the training school, and in 1901 accepted the position of superintendent of St. Luke's Hospital Training School for Nurses, New Bedford, Mass. In 1910 she was appointed general superintendent of training schools at Bellevue Hospital, New York City, a position also held by Miss Delano previous to her connection with the Red Cross. Miss Noyes has been active in all nursing affairs and is at present president of the National League of Nursing Education and one of the Board of Directors of the American Journal of Nursing. Since 1907 she has lectured at the Teachers' College on hospital administration and brings to the Red Cross a wealth of experience as an organizer and an administrator.

MISS CLARA D. NOYES

Formerly Superintendent of Bellevue Training School, New York, who has become Superintendent of the Red Cross Nursing Bureau.

"The appointment of Miss Noyes in no way changes the general policy of the nursing service. Miss Delano maintains her position as Chairman of the National Committee on Red Cross Nursing Service and will continue to give her invaluable assistance to the Red Cross. Thanks to her devotion and that of many of our chief nurses, who have given up their vacations to this work, more than 1,000 are ready for our base hospital units alone. A large number of smaller groups, consisting of ten nurses each and known as Emergency Detachments of Nurses, are also being organized to meet any possible need of the Army and Navy."

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MR. ELIOT WADSWORTH, OF BOSTON, NEW VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS CENTRAL COMMITTEE

Mr. Wadsworth has abandoned many important business connections to give his entire time to the executive direction of the American Red Cross at National Headquarters without compensation. (See "Editorial Comment.")

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.
—*Thomas Campbell.*

NEW EXECUTIVE OF BROAD EXPERIENCE TAKES CHARGE

A COMPARATIVELY young man with a remarkably successful business career, Mr. Eliot Wadsworth, of Boston, has been chosen by the Executive Committee of the American Red Cross to assume executive management at National Headquarters of the Red Cross in Washington. Mr. Wadsworth was elected Vice-Chairman of the Central Committee in August and succeeded Maj. Gen. Arthur Murray, U. S. A., retired, in that capacity September 1. General Murray had served the Red Cross actively the greater part of a year.

To borrow an expression from the comments of a Washington journalist, there is "something romantic and unusual" in Mr. Wadsworth's acceptance of his new post. The significance will be appreciated when it is known that Mr. Wadsworth, who is but 40 years old, has completely relinquished many important business connections, including a partnership in one of the foremost firms in the country, to devote his entire time to the practical upbuilding and strengthening of the American Red Cross, and that, too, without compensation.

At a period in his life and the development of his business interests when ordinarily he might be expected to put in the best strokes for himself, he deliberately diverted his energies into a philanthropic channel.

"I was glad to take this step," said Mr. Wadsworth at the time of the change in executive control, "on account of my belief in the national importance of a strong and representative Red Cross organization throughout the country and my desire to be of all assistance possible in strengthening such an organization. Army and Navy preparedness must be supplemented by Red Cross preparedness to the fullest extent, and each individual can and should help."

But it is not with the true Red Cross spirit of unselfishness alone, nor merely with conspicuous business ability, that Mr. Wadsworth came to the Red Cross. He has had not a little experience in war relief and other humanitarian activities at home and abroad, having been a member of the Rockefeller Foundation War Relief Commission in 1915, having journeyed extensively in the European war zone in behalf of the Polish Relief Commission, and having striven unsuccessfully against great odds in the matter of procuring supplies, to put into operation an international commission for the alleviation of the suffering in war-harried Poland. In these different capacities he has visited points in Poland, North Russia, Sweden, Germany, Roumania, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Serbia. Mr. Wadsworth has been a director of local charity organizations in Boston for a number of years, as well as prominently identified with the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

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In June of this year he was elected an overseer of Harvard College, from which he graduated in 1898 with an A. B. degree. Since his graduation he has been associated with Stone and Webster, the organizers, constructors, and managers of public-service corporations throughout the United States, and for nearly a decade has been a member of the firm.

The acquisition by the Red Cross of the concentrated managerial attention of Mr. Wadsworth is an augury of the constructive development of this humanitarian agency in all lines. And it is ours gratis!

BORDER CONTINUES TO REQUIRE OUR ATTENTION

DURING the last few weeks the War Department has called on the Red Cross for 125 selected nurses for Mexican frontier assignments, and the reserve force of over 7,000 enrolled graduate nurses of our general nursing service speedily yielded the desired number. Included among the 125 are a number of young women who not only measure up to the high standards required for enrolment, but who have displayed exceptional poise and discretion under trying conditions in foreign fields. Some have served in responsible positions in European war hospitals, and others have had previous experience in the Mexican quarter.

Our border complications, no less than the mighty clash of peoples in the Old World, have exercised and energized the Department of Military Relief of the American Red Cross. Since Colonel Kean undertook the organization of that department, the Red Cross is much better prepared to provide expert surgical personnel in times of national or international emergencies than formerly. Corresponding to the National Committee on Red Cross Nursing Service, which has developed our large nursing corps so efficiently under Miss Delano's direction, the National Committee on Red Cross Medical Service, comprising thirty-six of the leading surgeons and medical men in the United States, can produce on short notice thoroughly reliable and especially fitted medical personnel. Of course, our medical bureau in times past could draw on the surgeons of the country, but the national council of eminent men of that profession can guarantee the fitness of a man selected for a delicate work and also facilitate the selection.

The Military Relief Sections of Red Cross Chapters have lately been exerting themselves again to provide comforts for United States military forces, numbering above 20,000, en route home from the border. The large force of men still maintained on the border is in real need of comfort kits, as a brief article in another part of this Magazine relates. Some unnecessary things are being sent by the "home folks," such as abdominal bands, typhus bags, and goggles.

The American Red Cross and other organizations have furnished the men large quantities of free writing material, so that their wants in this respect are not immediate.

A. C.

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